

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year.....\$ 1.50
One copy, six months..... 1.00
One copy, three months..... .50
No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.
As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.
All papers will be promptly stopped at the expiration of the time subscribed for.
All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
Hon. J. M. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wile, Jailor, Hartford.
Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Monday in October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cincinnati.
J. Smith Pittsburg, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
A. H. Howell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Caney district, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice of the Peace. P. O. White Run. Courts held March 6, June 10, September 4, and December 18. E. F. Tildford, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Boone. Courts held March 18, June 5, September 18, and December 1. W. W. Zach, Constable. P. O. Boone.
Cool Springs district, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 5, June 15, September 2, and December 16. J. P. Wilcox, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 15, June 2, September 16 and December 2. Isaac Brown, Constable. P. O. Rockport.
Cane Run district, No. 3.—W. P. Bender, J. P. P. O. Point Pleasant. Courts held March 11, June 14, September 20, and December 15. A. T. Coffman, J. P. P. O. Cefaloe. Courts held March 16, June 20, September 15, and December 30. S. L. Falkerson, Constable. P. O. Hogs Falls.

Bell's Store district, No. 4.—Ben Newton, J. P. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 11, June 23, September 11, and December 27. S. Woodward, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 24, June 18, September 2, and December 11. Eli Chinn, Constable. P. O. Buford.

Fordville district, No. 5.—G. W. R. Cobb, J. P. P. O. Fordville. Courts held March 8, June 19, September 8, and December 22. J. L. Burton, J. P. P. O. Fordville. Courts held March 20, June 27, September 15, and December 8. J. H. Harder, Constable. P. O. Fordville.

Ellis district, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, J. P. P. O. Whiteside, Davies county. Courts held March 9, June 21, September 9, and December 23. James Miller, J. P. P. O. Whiteside, Davies county. Courts held March 22, June 8, September 21, and December 9. Constable—Lave son. C. W. Phillips, Deputy Sheriff. P. O. Whiteside, Davies county, does the business.

Hartford district, No. 7.—J. P. Cooper, J. P. P. O. Beaver Dam. Courts held March 15, June 26, September 14, and December 29. A. H. Bennett, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 25, June 12, September 27, and December 10. W. L. Madrox, Constable. P. O. McElroy.

Crownwell district, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, J. P. P. O. Crownwell. Courts held March 27, June 14, September 29, and December 17. M. E. Taylor, J. P. P. O. Crownwell. Courts held March 17, June 30, September 19, and December 29. R. S. Hodges, Constable. P. O. Crownwell.

Hartford district, No. 9.—T. L. Allen, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 14, June 21, September 15, and December 28. John M. Leach, J. P. P. O. Beaver Dam. Courts held March 28, June 14, September 28, and December 14. D. J. Wittinghill, Constable. P. O. Hartford.

Sulphur Springs district, No. 10.—R. G. Weidling, J. P. P. O. Sulphur Springs. Courts held March 27, June 6, September 19, and December 7. J. A. Bennett, J. P. P. O. Sulphur Springs. Courts held March 7, June 20, September 5, and December 21. A. S. Aull, Constable. P. O. Sulphur Springs.

Bardet's Precinct, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 10, June 25, September 12, and December 26. Jackson Yates, J. P. P. O. Bardet. Courts held March 28, June 29, September 25, and December 12. E. H. Burton, Constable. P. O. Bardet.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford.—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.—J. N. Wise, Marshal.

Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.—W. H. Blankenship, Marshal.

Crownwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October.—H. P. Wise, Marshal.

Cefaloe.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.—Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.

Hamilton.—J. W. Lankford, Judge, post-office address McElroy, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October. A. J. Carman, Marshal, post-office address McElroy.

Rockport.—James Tinsley, Judge, Mansfield Williams, Marshal. Courts held—

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE No. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.

L. BARRETT, N. G. Wm. PHIPPS, Sec. R. P. BERRYMAN, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE No. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.

LYCOURG BARRETT, W. C. T. GROSS B. WILLIAMS, W. Sec. MISS ANNIE TRACY, L. D.

A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets first Monday night in each month. JOHN P. TRACY, W. M. SAM E. HILL, Secy.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. SAM E. HILL, H. P. Comp. H. WEINHEIM MER, Sec.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MAY 31, 1876.

NO. 21.

[For the Hartford Herald.] A Tribute to My Cousins.

BY NELLIE.

The dew is on the flowers, Jennie, and fragrance fills the air,
Does the balm of magic sweetness, not beguile thy thoughts from care?
And murmur through the breezes that fan away the day for you,
The peace that crowned the sleeping earth, when it closed its orb of light,
The need I wait, with earnest prayer, that angels hover where you are.

The flash that woke this sunny morn, with brightest beams of hope,
Is not more radiant, Mollie, than thy smiles that it invoked,
The sky that sheds its mellow light of pure and tinted hue,
Is but a reflex of the peace, that dawns each day for you,
Oh, would that I could bid it stay, to bless thy life to endless day!

The shifting light of April sun, dear Nannie, mirrors thee,
No drifting cloud of shadows life, that hope does not foresee,
And glimmer through the vapory shade, the light that shone before—
A ceaseless joy—to thy young heart, that cannot ask for more;
The fondest prayer that's breathed by me, invokes love's lasting light for thee.

The calm that hushes busy life—as fades the waning light
Recalls thy loving tenderness—my own dear Lydie, to night,
How radiant is the bonny hope that glides thy budding life
With beams of promise that defy its laws of change and strife;
Oh! Father, grant me this one plea! to keep thy heart from sorrow free.

The birds that warble greeting to the shimmering light of gray,
That peeps from out the ether to herald coming day,
Are not more joyous, Sallie, in those witching, early hours
Than thy young life unfolding in thy own dear native bowers.

Oh! there may you rest sheltered in love till angels call you to dwell above.
Like flowers crushed by ruthless tread, dear Mollie, we're not
A sorrowing impress on thy brow for one we are missing now!

Dear, far beyond the sun's decline, amid the host of Heaven,
She opens now her eye of blue to deck the casement riven;
Oh, try to find a solace there for every friend denied you here.

With a smile, dearest Cousins, for those happy in hope,
And a tear for the sorrowing that pity invokes,
I will close with regret that my earnest oblation
Is not more worthy the theme of such sweet inspiration.

Whom I trust to the Father of love, till we meet in reunion forever above.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"LEAVE the house instantly! You are no son of mine from this time. I will not harbor one who has thus degraded himself, and disappointed me."
Hard words were these from the lips of any one; still harder from those of a father.

Mr. John Phillips was a proud man—proud of himself, of his family, of the reputation he had acquired for honesty and upright dealing, and of the notice he had received from the people who were just a step further up the ladder of fortune than himself. To increase his wealth and consequence, he had ground down his family to the most pitiful and pinching straits in private, to atone for expenditures to meet the public gaze with a show of riches, that honestly belonged to his wife and children for their ordinary comfort.

His eldest boy was placed in a store where there were many other clerks. Young Phillips' scanty clothing, his evident destitution of money, even to withholding a penny from a poor child when others gave freely, accorded ill with the reports of his father's wealth; and the lads sometimes touched the sores in Samuel Phillips' heart, by reproaching him with sordidness.

One day—a cold, wintry day—a little girl, shivering and pale, came into the store. Her wan, blue look touched his heart with pity. He had money in his hand, but it was not his own. How could he send her away? He thrust the two glittering two half-dollars into her hand, and bade her go and buy some wood. The money he thought could be replaced; but he was watched by another lad who was glad of an opportunity to degrade him, and when the cash sales were made up that night, young Carroll reported that the missing dollar was taken by Samuel Phillips.

The boy's blushes and confusion as he tried to make an honest statement of the case, were taken for guilt; and a note to his father, which he was obliged to take home from his employer, distinctly told that Mr. Sampson no longer wished to employ a person in his store who had been guilty of stealing.

In his first passion Mr. Phillips uttered the above words to his son. In vain he pleaded why he did it. Per-

haps the excuse embodied more sin in his father's eyes, than the deed itself. To give a dollar to a beggar! What an enormity! And then, that John Phillips' son should so outrage his father's good name! The man's pride was stronger than the parents' affection.

Samuel took him at his word! and that very night, in the cold and darkness, the boy set off, making his first steps into the unknown future of his life.

Had his father but believed him, pointed out what was wrong in his act, and forgave him for its mixtures of good, his son might have never sinned again. His pride and cruelty sent him forth, a wanderer, distrustful all, holding in his heart a root of bitterness which might turn his whole life to gall.

When the family was aroused to the conviction, the next morning, that Samuel Phillips was actually gone, Mr. Phillips tried to soothe the distressed mother with the thought that he had only disappeared for a time, and would soon be with them again, glad enough to return and ask pardon for his conduct. He did not tell her with what wild and unforgiving words he had driven him away.

Years passed away. No tidings came of the fugitive. The mother, yearning for her first-born, drooped and died; and the only remaining son soon afterward was drowned. Two daughters married and went away, and Mr. Phillips was left alone. It was not possible that conscience did not sometimes bring back the image of that poor boy, as he stood trembling. But pride kept up his indignation against his son; and instead of pitying him for being a castaway, he only pitied himself for not being able to keep up the family name.

At last there came a day that even Mr. Phillips' proud spirit was crushed. More than the loss of wife and children, did this trial bow him to the earth. Loss after loss had come to him in this business, until at length he was obliged to give up all into the hands of his creditors. He surrendered everything—house and household goods, not even taking the benefit which the law allowed him. Yet there were not wanting some among the injured, who openly asserted their belief that Mr. Phillips had actually saved money by the operation, and even cited his utter relinquishment of all visible property as a proof that he was remunerated by that which was unseen.

His friends flocked him; one by one dropping off, unable to vouch for his innocence. His health failed, and even if it had not, he could not have witnessed the public sale which was now announced, of his household treasures.

He had tortured himself by throwing into his creditors' hands even little trifling mementos of the past—literally leaving everything in his house, save his own clothing and his private desk, which, whatever others thought, contained little but family letters, and the miniature of a little child, with a curl of golden hair at the back of the locket. That child! Oh, if he could but now recall the past! If he had but spoken kindly and forgivingly, that child might now have been near to save his gray hairs from shame and disgrace.

There was, as we have said, a public sale. It comprised the store and household goods, and include a valuable horse, which Mrs. Phillips' failing health had induced him to buy, and which he would not part with after her death. The man had a tender spot in his heart after all. His first question, when the man who had been his clerk came into his solitary room at a boarding house, the night after the sale, was:

"Who bought Fleetwood?"

"I did not know the man, sir. He was a stranger. There were many strangers there, and I did not learn the name of him who purchased the house. He was in the house a good part of the time, and I noticed that he bid for a number of things."

"I hope Fleetwood has a kind master," observed Mr. Phillips, after a pause.

The clerk was going, but returned, after a short parley with some one at the door.

"Here's a man, sir, who wishes you to meet him at the house you occupied, at half-past nine this evening."

"What can any man want of me there?" said Mr. Phillips, with an uneasy gesture.

"I cannot tell, sir. I did not know the man, but from the dim glance I had of him at the door, I should say it was

the man who was bidding upon the horse when I came away, and the same who bought Fleetwood."

"I must go, I suppose; yet, if he is a gentleman, I should hardly think he would expose me to the pain of going there."

Mr. Phillips walked to his own house with trembling steps. He looked old and feeble, like a man who had numbered twice his years. He reached the door that once opened to his familiar touch and rang the bell. The woman who had so long kept his house opened it, and ushered him to the sitting-room, from which, years ago, he had ordered his boys from his sight forever.

This thought flashed into his mind, and was more vivid, from the circumstance of his own arm chair being removed out of its ordinary place, and set in the middle of the room, and a low chair directly in front of it, on which Samuel had leaned in passionate weeping. The boy, in his misery, on that night, had left his cap hanging on the corner of that low chair; and, as if to deepen his father's anguish to-night, a boy's cap hung there again. How well he remembered it! How he shook with the memories that rose up to his mind! His tearful eyes scarcely took in the figure of a noble looking gentleman who now entered the room, and desired him to walk around the house. Every piece of furniture was in its old place. In his own chamber, the little arrangements of his dressing-table were precisely as they always were; and in a little bedroom beside it, were the two small beds in which his boys used to sleep.

He looked up at his conductor through his fast falling tears. Something in his face, in the bright, flashing eyes of the stranger, went to his heart. They had returned to the sitting-room, and the stranger held his hand with a warm, loving grasp. He heard the words, "This is all yours, dear father!" and then the two men sank together upon their knees, and the younger breathed out a fervent thanksgiving that he had been spared to comfort and console him in his hour of adverse fortune.

Stung with his father's cruel words, Samuel Phillips had deserted his home, and, driven almost to desperation, had wandered away from the place that knew him, to a far city. Providence raised up friends to the desolate boy. He found himself trusted, honored, respected; and at the death of one who had been as a father to him, he had become wealthy. He saw the notice of the sale in a newspaper—hurried on to prevent it, and arrived only when it had already commenced.

He had heard of his mother's death, and from that time he resolved never to return. But when he found that his father was in real distress, all was forgotten, save the thought that he might be in time to save him from open disgrace or actual want. Everything had fallen into his hands, for the by-standers saw that he was determined to possess all, and they gave way to his evident desire and ability to gratify it.

The reconciliation was complete. The pride of the father was subdued. Reinstated in his old home, his liabilities all met, and his business re-established, by the son whom he had banished, his heart had melted to a childlike humanity that was touching to behold.

GOETHE has said, somewhere, that a man of genius who proposed to himself to be happy in this world, must lay down to himself the fixed and unalterable rule, to consider his genius as one thing, and his personal life as another, never to suffer the feelings of the author to interfere with the duties of the man—to forget altogether when his pen is not in his fingers that it has been and will again be in his grasp.

The diameter of the earth multiplied by 108 gives the diameter of the sun; the diameter of the sun multiplied by 108 gives the mean distance of the earth from the sun; and the diameter of the moon multiplied by 108 gives the mean distance of the moon from the earth.

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

Boys and girls under ten years of age are not hereafter to be permitted work in the factories of Massachusetts.

Washington Territory.

The following is sent us by Dillis B. Ward, formerly of this county but now of Washington Territory, with the request that we publish. It was prepared by one of the papers in that Territory, and is no doubt perfectly reliable.

Washington Territory lies north of the state of Oregon, and extends north to British Columbia; the Pacific ocean washes its shores on the west, while it reaches out towards the east about 340 miles. The Cascades, Coast Range and Olympic are its principal chains of mountains. The former range (a continuation of the Sierras) runs parallel with the coast, about 100 miles from it, and form a prominent feature both in the outline and natural advantages of the Territory. This range forms the great dividing line between Eastern and Western Washington and on either side of this mighty barrier is a country vastly different from the other in climate, soil, geological character, and vegetable and animal productions.

Eastern Washington has a dry climate, with very warm summer weather and cold weather in winter. It is an extremely healthy country. There vast productive prairies invite the herdsman and the farmer; there, also, the less fertile plains, covered with sage brush—the home of the wonderful sage hen—extends over a large scope of country; there the man who is willing to labor, earns and enjoys a luxurious home; there success generally follows an earnest effort.

But it is necessary that we write more particularly about Western Washington. In this portion of the Territory rains are of more frequent occurrence than east of the mountains. The average amount of water falling here annually is about 33 inches, against 43 in New York and 22 in San Francisco. It is generally acknowledged that we have a very healthy country; but it is not so good for weak lungs and consumptives as is the bracing atmosphere at a higher altitude east of the mountains. In relation to the seasons, we will notice that Spring is generally accompanied with considerable rain, with now and then a few days of sunshine. Summer, with us, is delightfully pleasant and dry, with cool evenings. The Summer days are not so oppressively hot between the Cascade mountains and the coast as they are in the country lying east of the Missouri river, and a goodly portion of the country lying west of the river of golden waters. We have, as a general rule, splendid weather in the Fall, with occasionally a spell of gloomy dampness, which is in strange contrast with the brightness and splendor of our loveliest days. Winter is gentle with us; it rains frequently in this season, but the thermometer does not often fall below zero.

Among the natural resources of this country are the immense forests of timber which cover the greater portion of Western Washington, where grow the fir, cedar, hemlock, maple, alder, ash, scrub oak, cottonwood, &c.; extensive coal mines, which are only diminutive representations of what we can, with propriety, expect to see; vast sheets of water for harbors and commerce, and which furnish a home for immense numbers of the finny tribe, such as halibut, cod, flounders, dog-fish, salmon, sharks, herring, sardines, &c., and extensive beds of clams and oysters; comparatively fair mines of gold, silver and lead; and rich valleys that will yield up a bountiful reward to the tillers of the soil.

Government lands can be obtained in this Territory at from \$1 25 to \$2 50 per acre. Persons are also privileged to exercise their homestead rights, and settle on agricultural lands. There are some prairie lands to be taken up; but they are generally a considerable distance from settlements and schools. Bottom lands, where vine maple, alder and salmonberry bush grow, are the best on which to make permanent improvements. Although the work of bringing these lands under control is difficult and slow, yet the productive-ness of the soil will surely repay the effort. The price for improved land ranges from 5 to \$10 per acre, according to locality.

The native tribe of Indians which are scattered about the country are but the remnants of a dying power and pride. They are gradually losing their tribal distinctions, and soon the single word "Indian" will describe their birth, parentage, history and fate.

Among the products natural to this climate and our seasons, we do not find the vast variety that is enumerated in

some other portions of the country.

Timothy hay averages from 2 to 2½ tons per acre, and will bring 8 to \$12 per ton, baled; wheat, 30 to 35 bushels per acre, 90c to \$1; barley produces a good crop; oats 50 to 60 bushels per acre, 60 to 80c; turnips, carrots, beets, parsneps, cabbages, &c., yield enormous crops. Corn, in this part of the Territory, is not a sample product; but green corn, for table use, can be easily raised.

Apples, pears, plums and cherries yield bountifully in their season, and fruit is plentifully the year around. Grapes and peaches do not naturally produce a large crop in this climate. In the summer time, the forests abound with calmonberries, blackberries, raspberries, salalberries, blue and red huckleberries, &c.

The stock of this Territory, from the eastern boundary line to the Pacific, is sadly below par. Cattle herds are made up of common grades; cayuse ponies traverse the trails from the mountains down into the valleys; flocks of common sheep graze on the prairies; the few hogs raised here are ordinarily fair; and the poultry kept is principally of the barn-yard variety. But, we are pleased to notice, a marked improvement in stock has begun, and its results will be beneficial.

Game is yet plentiful with us. Black bear can be found among the wooden hills and valleys during the summer time; elk are slain about Grey's Harbor, and along the coast; the whole country furnishes a pasture and home for deer; and grouse and pheasants inhabit the forests which surround the homes of the pioneers. Occasionally, a cougar, wolf or wild cat is killed.

Mountain streams and springs of pure running water are distributed all over our country. During our coldest weather and driest seasons, these fountains do not fail to quench the thirst of man or beast, and moisten the earth for the summer's crop.

The buildings in this country are constructed principally of wood, and, we think, not more than one-eighth of them are hard-finished. The winter weather does not require plastered walls to secure comfort to the inmates. Fir lumber is worth 10 to \$12 per M, rough; cedar 20 to \$35 per M. Brick, 10 to \$12 per 1,000.

The first settlements of this Territory were made in 1828, by Hudson Bay Company. The first American settlers came here in 1845. Since then, there has been a slow but steady increase of population. Owing to the remoteness of this from the thickly populated portions of our country, the tide of immigration has, as yet, barely reached us. Out of the many long trains of migrating people which have crossed the plains, and the peopled ships which came hither by way of Cape Horn, but few adventurous seekers for homes have reached the north-western coast. The population of this Territory, now, figures up at something near 35,000 souls.

A portion of the Northern Pacific railroad is finished, over which trains pass, daily, from the Columbia river to Puget Sound. Some grading has been done on the proposed railroad routes between Olympia and Tenino, and between Seattle and Walla Walla.

How to Keep a Church Down.

Talk in discouraging terms about the prospects of the congregation. This will make people keep a good distance, for no person wishes to connect himself with a sinking cause.

That you may be able to talk thus, take little or no interest in the welfare of the congregation, yourself excepting as you can find fault with something.

Take care that your church be moderately cold or uncomfortable. This will keep you from being crowded out of your seats by strangers.

Place your church at the outskirts of the town or village. If the people love the ordinances, this will not keep them away.

When you are asked for a contribution, to put your church edifice in as decent repair as your own private dwelling, be sure to complain that you have always to be giving money. If you are a poor man, with nothing but a farm and a few thousands at interest, it would be unreasonable to expect you to do much. Let others see to it.

Take care to raise an opposition in the church to something, and spend your zeal and labors upon that, and be sure to side with members of other churches against your own. They will take you by the hand and praise you for your zeal and piety, and the members of your own communion will become dejected and discouraged.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Number of Lines	First Week	Second Week	Third Week	Fourth Week	Over Four Weeks
One	\$1.00	75c	50c	25c	10c
Two	1.75	1.25	85c	45c	15c
Three	2.50	1.75	1.25	65c	20c
Four	3.25	2.25	1.50	85c	25c
Five	4.00	2.75	1.75	1.00	30c
Six	4.75	3.25	2.00	1.15	35c
Seven	5.50	3.75	2.25	1.30	40c
Eight	6.25	4.25	2.50	1.45	45c
Nine	7.00	4.75	2.75	1.60	50c
Ten	7.75	5.25	3.00	1.75	55c

For shorter time, at proportionate rates. One inch of space constitutes a square.

An old Lady of Rare Simplicity.

She lives down Blaker street, and she has a daughter about eighteen years old. The old lady retains all her simplicity and innocence, and she doesn't go two cents on style. The other evening, when a "splendid catch" called to escort the daughter to the opera, the mother wouldn't take the hint to keep still, and would not help to carry out the daughter's idea that they had wealth. While helping her daughter to get ready she asked:

"Mary, are you going to wear the shoes with one heel off or the pair with holes in 'em?"

Mary didn't seem to hear, and the mother enquired: "Are you going to wear the dollar gold chain and that washed locket, or will you wear the diamond father bought at the hardware store?"

Mary winked at her and the young man blushed, but the old lady went on: "Are you going to borrow Mrs. Brown's shawl, or will you wear mine?"

Mary bustled around the room, and the mother said: "Be careful of your dress, Mary; you know it is the only one you've got, and you can't have another until the mortgage on the place is lifted."

Mary remarked to her escort that it promised to be a beautiful evening, and as she buttoned her glove her mother asked: "Those are Mrs. Hardy's gloves, ain't they? She's been a good neighbor to us, and I don't know how you'd manage to go anywhere if she didn't live near us."

Mary was hurrying to get out of the room when her mother raised her voice once more and asked: "Did you run in to Mrs. Jewett's and borrow her bracelet and fan? Yes, I see you did. Well, now, you look real stylish, and I hope you'll have a good time."

Mary sits by her window in the pale moonlight and sighs for the splendid young man to come and beau her around some more, but he hasn't been seen up that way since that night. The old lady, too, says that he seemed like a nice young man, and she hopes he hasn't been killed by the street cars.

The Bachelor.

In the vast field of human affections, says a contemporary, the old bachelor is the very scare-crow of happiness, who drives away the little birds of love that comes to steal away the little hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair. Where is there a more pitiable object on this earth than a man who has no amiable woman interested in his welfare?